



#37 *The Bull and the Flowers*



A bull stole away to a meadow to be alone. An unusually warm Spring night had brought out daffodils and crocuses where he and his peers were grazing. He did not want to be seen by the others in the herd as he witnessed the budding flowers. So he went to a secluded area, where he was met with a plethora of buds and many opening blossoms. In addition to the daffodils and crocuses, there were hyacinths, tulips, violets, buttercups and a thousand flowerets in the grasses. The bull needed to give his time to the meadow. He had experienced this before. He knew that a powerlessness would come over him and an intimacy would arise in the silence and stillness of attention. And he knew that intimacy can lead to an immediate creative power which would have to be expressed. He sat for a long time and looked and smelled and looked again. Then, in total freedom, he performed a most spontaneous and unadulterated action.

He cried.

**UNCONDITIONAL ATTENTION OVERFLOWS INTO
SPONTANEOUS ACTION**